

# U Don't Know

Jay-Z

Turn my music high, high, high, high-er I'm from the streets where the  
Hood could swallow a man, bullets'll follow a man  
There's so much coke that you could run the slalom  
And cops comb the shit top to bottom  
They say that we are prone to violence, but it's home sweet home  
Where personalities crash and chrome meets chrome  
The coke prices up and down like it's Wall Street homes  
But this is worse than the Dow Jones your brains are now blown  
All over that brown Brougham, one slip you are now gone  
Welcome to hell where you are welcome to sell  
But when them shells come you better return 'em  
All scars we earn 'em, all cars we learn 'em like the back of our hand  
We watch for cops hopping out the back of van  
Wear a G on my chest, I don't need Dapper Dan  
This ain't a sewn outfit homes, homes is about it  
Was clapping them flammers before I became famous  
For playing me y'all shall forever remain nameless  
I am Hov' Sure I do, I tell you the difference between me and them  
They trying to get they ones, I'm tryin' to get them M's  
One million, two million, three million, four  
In just five years, forty million more  
You are now looking at the forty million boy  
I'm rapping Def Jam 'til I'm the hundred million man  
R., O., C. I came into this motherfucker a hundred grand strong  
Nine to be exact, from grinding G-packs  
Put this shit in motion ain't no rewinding me back  
Could make 40 off a brick but one rhyme could beat that  
And if somebody would of told 'em that Hov' would sell clothing  
Heh, not in this lifetime, wasn't in my right mind  
That's another difference that's between me and them  
Heh, I'm smarten up, open the market up  
One million, two million, three million, four  
In eighteen months, eighty million more  
Now add that number up with the one I said before  
You are now looking at one smart black boy  
Momma ain't raised no fool  
Put me anywhere on God's green earth, I'll triple my worth  
Motherfucker, I, will, not, lose I sell ice in the winter, I sell fire in hell  
I am a hustler baby, I'll sell water to a well

I was born to get cake, move on and switch states  
Cop the Coupe with the roof gone and switch plates  
Was born to dictate, never follow orders  
Dickface, get your shit straight, fucker this is Big JayWill, not, lose, ever, fucker!

Songwriters

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